

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
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TRY AGAIN.

TRY AGAIN.

EVERYBODY makes mistakes. Things will not always come out just as we try to make them, because some little wrong thing is done, or something that needs to be done is overlooked.

Well, what then? Shall we get discouraged, and let things go as they will? Some people do. But such people have a hard life of it. They think themselves very unlucky, and complain of their hard fate.

The little fellow who is at work on his example in multiplication finds he has made a mistake. What does he do? Drop his slate, and go off fretting, and wishing there were no such things as old bothersome figures? No; he is puzzled, but he knows there is a mistake somewhere, and he means to find it. "Try again!" is his motto. He will begin again and go slowly and carefully through all the work. If he does not find the mistake then, he will do the same again, running through the lines of the multiplication table in his mind, or making them by additions on his slate. He will hit upon the wrong and get the right, you may be sure. Then how his face will light up! Out it will come in a happy voice, "You needn't think, you old figures, that you are going to come it over me in that way! When I get hold of you, you have got to come right! Just you remember that!"

The new year gives all a capital chance to "try again." The "Dayspring" readers are all ready to improve the opportunity. They look back upon the old year and see that they made many mistakes. They did not get all the good that was within their reach, because they did not keep their eyes wide open, and their ears wide open, and their hands always ready for work. Only see what gains the more faithful of them have made! How much more they know! What

habits of right-doing they have formed! Look at them in the day-schools. They are not where they were a year ago. They are up in higher classes, or in higher schools. Look at them in the Sunday schools. They are still with the same teachers, but they now go more deeply into the subjects they study, and talk more freely and understandingly about them.

Yet the best, upon looking back, can see where they have missed great opportunities. The year's result is not so great as it might have been. There is no remedying it now, however. The only thing to be done is to find out where was the loss, where were the errors, and be determined that such shall be avoided in the future.

Now, here is the New Year, bright and lusty. "Boys and girls," he says, "blessings on you! Here is my hand ready for a good cordial shake! I will be the best friend to you ever known, if you will only let me. Try again! Try more vigorously and determinedly! Say, you *will* have all the good there is in me; and then see how I will enrich your minds and souls, and make strong your bodies!"

The "Dayspring" is going to heed the New Year's call. It, too, is going to "try again," and get all it can of the New Year's wisdom and blessing. In its trying it hopes to help its readers in their trying, and be to them a wiser and better friend.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

OUR readers have heard much said about Dr. Channing; but who Dr. Channing was, and why he is now so highly regarded by men, and especially by Unitarians, they may not know. A short sketch of his life may therefore be interesting to them.

William Ellery Channing was born in Newport, Rhode Island, April 7, 1780.

The William Ellery whose name is signed to the Declaration of Independence was his grandfather. His father, William Channing, was a lawyer, a man of ability and of strict integrity. Lucy Ellery Channing, his mother, was an excellent woman, remarkable for her love of whatever was right and true, and for her quick perception of character. The influences that surrounded the little William were, therefore, favorable to his moral and mental growth.

William began to go to school when very young. After the death of his first schoolmistress, which made a deep impression upon him, he went to another, who used to sit in her chair and keep her little ones in order by means of a long stick, which she kept by her side. Leaving this school, he went to a better one kept by two women. He was always a good boy. One day his teacher said to a boy who gave her a great deal of trouble, "I wish in my heart you were like William Channing!" "Oh," replied the little fellow, "I can't be like him: it isn't half so hard for him to be good as it is for me!"

The next school William attended was a more advanced one, kept by a Mr. Rogers. He was not at first accounted a very bright scholar; but he was patient, and tried thoroughly to understand what he studied. Latin came very hard to him in the beginning. One day, when in his father's office, a man who assisted his father in his law work said: "Come, Bill, they say you are a fool, but I know better. Bring me your grammar, and I'll soon teach you Latin." William profited by this good friend's help. He soon learned how Latin was to be studied, and then he made rapid progress.

In New London, Connecticut, William had an uncle, the Rev. Henry Channing. At the age of twelve, he went to this uncle's to fit himself for college. It was while he

was studying with his uncle that his father died. Not much property was left. Young as he was, he felt that he must as soon as possible be of some help to his mother in the support of the family. There were nine children in all, only one of whom was older than himself.

Though more serious and thoughtful than boys generally are, he was not deficient in boyish characteristics. A delicately formed lad, he yet was not excelled in proficiency in athletic sports. He possessed remarkable courage. He did on one occasion engage in a fight; but that was only to flog a big boy for imposing on a small one. Active as he was, wrestling, climbing, doing all sorts of such things as boys do, he never engaged in idle pranks, or did any thing for mischief's sake. His instincts were all on the side of justice and humanity. He could say of himself later in life, "Thanks to my stars, I can say I never killed a bird. I would not crush the meanest insect that crawls upon the ground."

In those days the requirements for entering college were not so great as now. William entered Harvard College, at Cambridge, a few months after he was fourteen. During his four years there, he was a faithful student; and when he graduated he was recognized by the college authorities, and also by his classmates, as the leading scholar of his class. The following extract from a letter he wrote later in life to a young friend reveals the secret of his success in his collegiate course:—

"At your age I was poor, dependent, hardly able to buy clothes; but the great idea of *improvement* had seized upon me. I wanted to make the most of myself. I was not satisfied with knowing things superficially or by halves, but tried to get some comprehensive views of what I studied. I had an *end*, and, for a boy, a high end in view. I did not think of fitting myself for this or that par-

ticular pursuit, but for any to which events might call me."

When young Channing entered college, he had not made up his mind what profession he should choose. It was not till his Senior year that he decided upon the ministry. Circumstances led him during that year to inquire into the evidences of Christianity. It was then, he said afterwards, "*I found for what I was made.*"

The young man was obliged as soon as he left college to do something for his own support. A Mr. Randolph, of Richmond, Virginia, who was then on a visit at Newport, invited him to become a tutor in his family. He accordingly went to Richmond, where he remained in Mr. Randolph's family nearly two years. His duties were not arduous, and he had much time for study. He became interested in history, and in the various political and social questions agitating the people not only of this country, but of Europe. Whatever concerned men was of vital interest to him. He was all of the time preparing himself for his chosen work, and inwardly consecrating himself to that work. He had convinced himself of the divine nature of Christianity. His next step was to know the doctrines of Christianity. He said in a letter written at that time:—

"My object is to discover the truth. I wish to know what Christ taught, not what men have made him teach."

So he applied himself earnestly to the study of the Scriptures themselves. In another letter he said:—

"I have now solemnly given myself up to God. I consider supreme love to him as the first of all duties, and morality seems but a branch from the vigorous root of religion. I love mankind because they are the children of God. I practise temperance and strive for purity of heart that I may become a temple for his holy spirit to dwell in."

The young man went to Richmond in vig-

orous health; but close and long-continued study, without regard to the laws of bodily well-being, had its effect upon his physical system. He was much exposed, and suffered much during the voyage back to Newport, and was never again the strong, healthy man that he was before.

Mr. Channing remained at his Newport home about a year and a half, teaching the son of Mr. Randolph and one of his younger brothers, in preparation for their entrance into college. He then became connected with the college at Cambridge in such a way as to earn something towards his support, and at the same time pursue his theological studies. He at this time became a member of the First Church in Cambridge.

In the latter part of the year 1803, when he was twenty-three years old, he began to preach. He was successful as a preacher from the very first. He received an invitation from the Brattle Street Society to become its pastor; and an invitation, also, from the Federal Street Society. He concluded to accept the latter, and was ordained as minister of the Federal Street Society, Boston, June 1, 1803.

At that time there were no societies known as Unitarian. The societies that afterwards became Unitarian belonged mostly to the body now known as Orthodox Congregationalists. There were, however, many ministers, and very many people, in the Orthodox body, who did not accept the Orthodox doctrines as they were laid down in the creeds. Rigid Orthodoxy was called Calvinism, because it was a system of belief taught by John Calvin. This noted reformer lived from 1509 to 1564. The seat of his labors was Geneva. He published many books, and his influence came to be very great. Those Congregationalists who were not rigidly Calvinistic were sometimes called the moderate Calvinistic party, or the liberal party. Mr. Chan-

ning had been a diligent searcher for the truth. He did not learn of Calvin or of any other theological leader, but went to the Scriptures and endeavored to learn of Christ himself. No man ever studied the gospel records more thoroughly and devoutly, or with greater purity of purpose. The results reached did not harmonize with the dogmas of Calvinism. But Mr. Channing was slow to identify himself with any party. His only desire was to know and to preach the truth. The Federal Street Society was not originally Congregational, but Presbyterian.

About a year after Mr. Channing's ordination, what is sometimes called the "Unitarian controversy" commenced. It arose in connection with the appointment of Rev. Henry Ware, who was liberal in his theology, Hollis Professor of Divinity in Harvard College. But it was not till nearly a dozen years afterwards that the controversy became so bitter that it led to the separation of the liberal churches from the Orthodox body. As the liberal Christians had been called Unitarians by the more Orthodox, the former were generally willing to be known by that name. Mr. Channing could, of course, be on no other than the liberal side. He bore a conspicuous part in all this controversy, and became through his distinguished ability, his clear conception and statement of Christian doctrines, his Christian spirit, a sort of leader in the attempt to free Christianity from the additions made to it by men, and to present it as found in the gospels.

In 1820 Mr. Channing received from Harvard College the degree of D.D., and became afterwards known as Dr. Channing. He remained the pastor of the Federal Street Society till his death, Oct. 2, 1842. His health being unequal to the full performance of the duties of pastor during the latter

part of his life, Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett was associated with him. After Dr. Channing's death, Dr. Gannett remained as sole pastor. Some years ago the society built a new church on Arlington Street, which it now occupies. Rev. John F. W. Ware, a grandson of the Rev. Henry Ware, D.D., referred to above, is now the pastor.

Dr. Channing was the most popular of preachers; but his popularity was entirely owing to his devotion to truth, his thorough comprehension of his subject, the purity of his style, the spirituality of his character. Few men ever lived and taught more in the spirit of the Great Teacher.

Not only as a minister is Dr. Channing remembered with great love and respect. He was exceedingly interested in all schemes to improve the condition of men. "Instant in season and out of season," was his motto. He would meet every call made upon him; do his whole duty under all circumstances. He labored to relieve poverty, to extend the blessings of freedom, to do away with the evils of war, to increase educational privileges, to remove temptations to evil. It will not be as a Unitarian minister that he will be longest remembered, but as a great, true, and thoroughly Christian man. Few lives are more worthy to be studied than his.

The addresses, essays, and sermons of Dr. Channing have had a large circulation in this country and in Europe. They have had an immense influence for good. The Unitarian Association has now brought these together in one large volume, which it gives to all ministers who have not a set of Channing's works, and sells at the low price of *one dollar* to whoever will purchase. More than thirty years have elapsed since Dr. Channing's death; but, though dead, he yet speaketh, and with increased power. This new volume will find its way into thousands and thousands of homes.

THE ARCHER.

THERE is a little archer,
Whom I have never seen;
But I have felt his arrows,
And they are swift and keen.
My path he ever watches,
Whatever way I take;
My ear he often catches,
Whenever I'm awake.

"Take care my bow and arrows!"
I often hear him shout;
And only by much praying
I get his arrows out.
There never was an archer
Could strike a dart so deep,
And none that he has wounded
Can put his heart to sleep.

Treat him with slight and scorning,
Heed not the deeds of wrong,
You'll find before the morning
The wakeful night is long.
The couch you cannot soften,
For thorns disturb your rest;
The clock will strike too often,
And darts fly through the breast.

Most friendly is this archer
To those who love the right;
He goes with such to bless them.
Through all the day and night.
Once I was sitting, thinking,
And very near he came,
And said, in gentle whisper,
That *Conscience* was his name.

Selected.

For The Dayspring.

JOHNNY'S SCHOOL.

I SOMETIMES tell stories to little ones who call me "Auntie;" and I think Mr. K— must know something about it, as he has often asked me to write one for the readers of the "Dayspring." And knowing a real true story, which I think you will not hear of, unless I tell it you, I thought I would write just this one; and if Mr. K— says

that you like it, perhaps I will tell you another some time.

In one of the dirty, dreary streets of the North End, a little school was started by some of the loving mothers of Boston, who, seeing little children wandering through the streets, with unwashed faces, uncombed hair, crying sometimes with hunger and cold, and their little faces acquiring that pinched, hard look, as if all the tenderness was crushed out of their hearts, determined that they would have a cheerful, sunny place, where some of these children could go and have a bright, happy time every day. So they procured a sunny room, bought some little chairs, a table, some pretty pictures to hang on the walls, and made the room as attractive and pretty as they could.

The teacher, a bright, pretty young lady, invited some of these neglected children to come to her school, and they told others of it, and soon she had all the scholars the room would accommodate.

Among them was a little boy whose name was Johnny. Miss N— did not think him pretty or interesting when she saw him on the sidewalk, eating part of an apple which he had picked up in the street; but when his face was washed, and his hair, which was a tangled mass, came out in short, sunny curls, she was quite surprised to find him really a beautiful-looking child.

Now Johnny had never seen any thing that was clean and comfortable before, and he enjoyed the school more and more each day; and through all the heat of the summer Johnny was as constant in his attendance as the teacher.

Johnny's home was a cheerless, gloomy place. He had a father and mother, but neither thought of doing any thing to make Johnny a good or happy boy. And what money they earned they spent for rum, and their home was a bare, uncomfortable room,

often filled with noisy, brawling men and women, so that Johnny was often afraid, and would creep off into a corner, or hide behind the furniture or under the bed, and sometimes would fall asleep there, while his father and mother were degrading themselves and brutalizing their natures by strong drink. Do you wonder that Johnny was glad of that little school, and that every morning the teacher found him waiting for her on the sidewalk?

Towards the last of the summer, Johnny's father, who it seems had noticed his interest and eagerness about his school, said to a good man, who knew his little boy: "Och, I fear they tach my childer heresy there in the schul! Shure, ye sheld see him! he ain't airy minnit anywhere ilse." "Oh, no!" said his friend: "come with me, and you shall see." So he went and stood in the doorway of the school-room, and saw Johnny clapping his hands and singing, and looking so bright and happy that he forgot all about the heresy that he went to look after. He was surprised and delighted, and went back to the saloon, sold rum and beer to the idle, dissolute men and women who came for it, but all through the morning little Johnny's bright face kept coming to his mind. In a few days he went again, and kept going; and his good friend noticed he was growing more steady, was not intoxicated so often, and that Johnny's face was clean when he went to school. So matters went on for a number of weeks; and his friends noticed little improvements in the man's personal appearance, a little more regard to the decencies of life.

And one day not long ago Johnny's father went to his friend and said: "I wish I could find something else to do, and get away from the North End. I think my wife would do better if I could get out of this neighborhood."

So Johnny's school has been a blessing to him. Every day his father meets him on his return from school; and, instead of wandering round the streets uncared for all day, his mornings are spent in school, and in the afternoon his father keeps him at the saloon with him, or sees that he is comfortably cared for in some way. Johnny is a happier boy and his father a better man.

I know the ladies who started this little school will be so glad to learn of this good influence from it, that I wanted them to know of it. And you, my little readers, may have had to make some sacrifices that your mothers could give a few dollars towards the salary of the teacher. If you have to do so again, I hope you will do it cheerfully, for the sake of making some little child's life brighter and happier. AUNTIE.

OPEN HEARTS AND READY HANDS.

ONE day a teacher said to his class: "Boys, you can all be useful if you will. If you cannot do good by great deeds, you can by little ones."

The boys said nothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. They did not believe that they could be of any use. So he said,—

"You think it is not so; but suppose you just try it for one week."

"How shall we try it?" asked one of them.

"Just keep your eyes open and your hands ready to do any thing good that comes in your way all this week, and tell me next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other," said the teacher.

"Agreed," said the boys, and so they parted.

The next Sunday those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips, and

eyes so full of light that they fairly twinkled like the stars.

"Ah, boys! I see by your looks that you have something to tell me."

"We have, sir, we have," they said all together. Then each one told his story.

"I," said one, "thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning, to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much, was so greatly pleased, that I mean to keep on doing it for her."

"And I," said another boy, "thought of a poor old woman whose eyes were too dim to read. I went to her house every day and read a chapter to her from the Bible. It seems to give her a great deal of comfort. I cannot tell how she thanked me."

A third boy said: "I was walking along the street, wondering what I could do. A gentleman called me, and asked me to hold his horse. I did so. He gave me five cents. I have brought it to put into the missionary box."

"I was walking with my eyes open and my hands ready, as you told us," said the fourth boy, "when I saw a little fellow crying because he had lost some pennies. I found them, and he dried up his tears and ran off, feeling very happy."

A fifth boy said: "I saw my mother was very tired one day. The baby was cross, and mother looked sick and sad. I asked mother to put the baby in my little wagon. She did so, and I gave him a grand ride round the garden. If you had only heard him crow, and seen him clap his hands, teacher, it would have done you good; and oh! how much brighter mother looked when I took the baby indoors again."

Rev. Dr. Newton.

"HAPPY is he who many things possessing,
Makes them to others and himself a blessing."

DILIGENCE is a fair fortune, and industry
a good estate.

For The Dayspring.

I WILL NOT FAIL THEE.

JOSHUA 1. 5.

Go forth to duty; heed not foes,
However fierce and strong they rise;
His onward march can nought oppose,
Who on the strength of God relies.

"I will not fail thee!" thus he speaks
To each who labors in his cause;
Who his eternal truth e'er seeks,
And wisely lives his righteous laws.

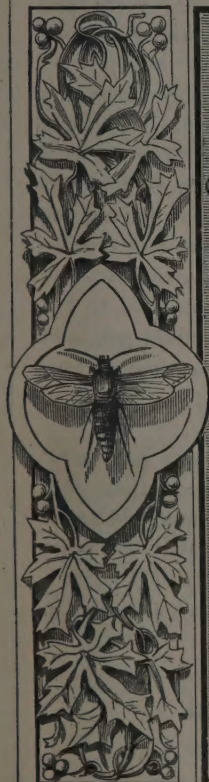
The way he calls thee oft may wind
O'er rugged steep, through darksome vales;
Thy soul to one fixed purpose bind,
This way to keep, whate'er assails.

"I will not fail thee, nor forsake!"
His promise sure is ever thine;
The life ordained thee bravely take,
Sustained and cheered by love divine.

CULTIVATE ATTENTION.

CHARLES DICKENS says:—"My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention. The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and in every pursuit is the quality of attention. Genius, vivacity, quickness of penetration, brilliancy in association of ideas, will not always be commended, but attention, after due term of submissive service, always will. Like certain plants which the poorest peasant may grow in the poorest soil, it may be cultivated by any one, and it is certain in its own good season to bring forth flower and fruit."

"WEALTH may flee and friends deceive us,
Love may change his sunny looks;
But those treasures never leave us
Which we garner in from books."



I WILL
NOT
FAIL
THEE.



HAPPY NEW YEAR.

LITTLE readers, the "Dayspring" has a very warm heart for you, and right out of the warmest place in that heart, it wishes you a Happy New Year.

It knows that some of its little readers of last year are going up with the bigger readers this year, but they must take "A Happy New Year" with them. And those little ones that the "Dayspring" never saw before, who come crowding along, with eager faces and bright eyes, must be greeted with the happiest wishes, and taken right into its heart.

Little ones, all, the "Dayspring" cannot tell you how glad it is that the New Year comes finding you so happy, and wishing to keep you happy all through its life, and when it becomes an old year and dies, leave you so much happier and wiser that the next New Year will be ever so glad to see you, and think you are the best boys and girls in the world.

LITTLE BERTHA.

"I wis' you 'appy noo 'ear, mamma," said little two-year old Bertha, New Year's morning.

Mamma had been making believe asleep, and papa had gone to the little crib, and whispered in Bertha's ear, that the New Year had come,

and she must open her little eyes, and say her wish to mamma.

Bertha waked right up, looked over her little crib-fence towards mamma, and the little voice was quickly heard,— "I wis' you 'appy noo 'ear, mamma!"

Mamma did not play sleep any longer. In two seconds Bertha was in her arms, and there were such kisses and such wishes, that it was very sure somebody was having the happiest New Year that ever was.

Bertha wanted to know what "Noo 'ear" was, and mamma tried to tell her; but all Bertha could get hold of was that it was a time to love everybody, and be "dood," so as to make everybody happy.

Bertha wished "'appy noo 'ear" to everybody she saw that day. Even her little kitty was told about the "Noo 'ear," and that she must "be dood." But Kitty only purred, and jumped on Bertha's shoulder to play with her curls.

WALTER.

WHO is Walter? Why, a man! Find a smarter, if you can. Is he old? Yes—almost eight; Yet he stands quite strong and straight.

See him dressed in coat of brown, Wrapping him from shoulders down!

On his head a jaunty hat;
What can manlier be than that?

Stockings striped with blue and
white

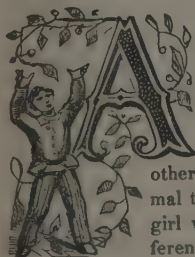
Show above his boots so bright;
Take him, then, from sole to crown,
Not a grander chap in town.

He's the biggest man alive,
When old Dobbin he can drive;
Look out well for flying mud,
Dobbin then must swiftly scud.

For The Dayspring.

ANNIE'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

BY M. O. J.



WAY up, up, up, five stories, in an old weather-beaten house, that looked as if it might topple over any minute, penned in by other houses even more dismal than itself, lived a little girl whose lot was very different from that of the children who read her story. Only eight times since her birth had spring's violets bloomed, summer's corn ripened, autumn's golden sheaves been garnered in, and its leaves crimsoned; and the ninth winter's snow was just beginning to fall: yet she was alone in the world!

Even her poor shelter she owed to the pity and kindness of an old apple-woman, who rented this attic-room. Annie's mother had been kind to old Betsy in little ways, always having a pleasant word for her when they met, sympathizing with her when her

sales were poor, and she was lonely and disheartened, and once, when Betsy was down sick, she had done for her the little that was in her power, — making her bed, bringing her fresh water, up four flights, from the pump in the street, and rubbing the poor old limbs, that were aching with cold and rheumatism. Then, when sickness came to the weary mother, in her turn, and her feeble frame, worn by the constant struggle with poverty, yielded, and rest was given, — a rest that could not be broken, — the old woman drew the sobbing child into her weak arms, and said she should not be turned into the street; she should share her room, and as long as she could earn a crust, she should be welcome to half. So Annie's bed was carried upstairs, and placed beside the window, the only spot in the small room where there was space enough for it to stand; and though it was none the warmer for that, the moon shone in, and she liked it. Old Betsy was faithful to her promise, and she gave her gentle words and love and comfort day by day. Annie was grateful, and tried to aid her truly generous friend every way in her power. She helped her in their small cookery and other work; she, too, sold apples in the street; and they managed to get along tolerably till cold weather came. Then, indeed, times were hard. All their efforts could but get them scanty food, and, in her wretched clothing, the child's frame soon gave way to disease, the result of frequent colds.

Old Betsy was still kind and pitiful, and went for the dispensary doctor, begged rye-meal and mustard and made poultices, and took off part of her own worn bed-covering, to spread over the sick child, trying to get along herself by sleeping in her clothes; but she had to leave her all day, and the hours went slowly on: Annie was lonely and sad.

The doctor did what he could; but the little frame was worn and exhausted, and too weak to rally. It was not long before he told old Betsy that it was no use. The child knew it, and was not afraid.

On the other side was her mother, and she had learned from her lips and at Sunday school of One who loved her even more tenderly, and had tried in her daily life to follow Him, — loving and trusting Him, and dealing honestly and kindly with all about her. She did not want to get well; for what, indeed, had this life to offer her? Privation, toil, suffering, and temptation. She was glad to go to Him in that beautiful home He had prepared for her, where these should never come, and there should be no parting. So the days of pain, and wearying, wakeful nights wore away, and heaven drew near; yes, nearer than either the child or the old woman thought.

It was Christmas eve; and there was one earthly longing still in Annie's heart. She tried to reason it away, saying to herself that she was almost home, and should be happy there; but she wished — she could not help it — that she could have a Christmas Tree! She thought how a bit of greenery would brighten the poor room. She was too sick to care for cakes and candies, but she thought, with feverish thirst, of the large, golden oranges that many a Christmas bough would hold that night, the delicious white grapes she had seen in the groceries, and once — only once in her life — had tasted. And she did dearly love beautiful things. If she could have a book, with pictures, how it would cheer and shorten the lonely, tedious hours! And with an ardent longing, she thought of the beautiful bouquets and Christmas wreaths she had seen in the market and stores a year ago. If she could have even one rose, or one sprig of holly, with its

glossy green leaves and scarlet berries! So the child lay, in a waking dream, fancying things she would hardly have thought of had she been well and busy.

She thought of the little girls in her Sunday-school class; poor, like herself, but they had mothers. They were not sick, and would share in the Christmas Tree at the church; others, she knew, like Rosa Bryant and Emily Grey, would have, besides this, costly and beautiful gifts at home.

The tired old woman had been sleeping more than an hour, and still Annie lay looking out on the one beautiful thing she could see, — the moonlight on the snow, that covered the roof. There, at least, it was pure and clean: how different from what fell in the street! In one corner of the old, weather-beaten casement a tiny green thing had sprouted from the bit of soil formed by the decaying wood. It might have been a pea; for when old Betsy had peas for dinner, — to her a rare feast, — she always threw out a few for the pigeons, and one or two, perhaps, rolled into the crevice. Annie spied the wee thing one day, soon after she came to Betsy's room, when she was thinking of her mother, and feeling sad and lonely. It seemed, some way, to bring her a message of comfort. She could not quite remember, but she thought there was something like it she had heard at Sunday school: she would ask her teacher. She did not forget it the next Sunday; and Miss Ware, glad of the opportunity, read to her the Saviour's beautiful words about the lilies of the field.

She remembered it all, this Christmas night, as she lay, wakeful and quiet. She raised herself partly, softly opened the window, and reached out her hand. The tiny sprig was still there, though its leaves had all fallen, and she drew it in; brown as it was, yet it was pretty, covered with the pure

white snow. She closed the window, and put it on the sill, leaning against the glass; then lying down, wrapped herself closely in the old quilt, and was soon asleep.

She thought an angel floated down, on shining wings, and touched the little sprig. It changed to a beautiful green tree. Its boughs were heavy with gold and silver fruits, and twinkled with many stars. "It is for thee, dear child," said the angel: "thy wish is granted."

In a mute surprise and gladness she lay, looking at the beautiful thing, her pain and weariness all forgotten, while the angel hovered near with loving eyes, and sweet music sounded above her like a chorus of voices blending with golden lyres. One branch, close to her hand, held a harp, and over it was a wreath of white lilies and opening rose-buds. The angel crowned her with the wreath.

"It is for thee, dear child," he said; "it is of immortal flowers. Thou couldst not wear it, were there not in thy spirit and life the flowers of innocence and faith."

He placed the harp in her hand, and, as she swept its strings, a soft, sweet strain arose and blended with the choral harmony around. She looked with wonder in the angel's face. He smiled.

"Thou has been learning the heavenly song," he said, "in thy earthly life. Whenever thou hast striven against temptation, and been honest and true; whenever a kind word has passed thy lips, or, better still, an angry one been kept back, when thine hours of pain have been patiently endured, — thou hast been learning the angel melody. Come to thy home, little one."

She felt herself raised in the angel's arms, and borne gently, steadily upward, while the little tree was still clasped in his hand. She felt no fear, no pain: only a joy too

deep for words; and the music sounded around her, a glad, welcoming strain.

She awoke, and she was in her poor bed, in the old attic-room, and in the moonlight she could see the tiny sprig just where she had placed it. Yet the beautiful dream comforted and cheered her, and she waited more patiently and cheerfully the Father's time.

It was Christmas morning; and the child was bolstered up in bed to take the gruel Betsy brought her. The poor old woman had done what she could to give Annie's breakfast a spice of Christmas; that is, she had bought a nutmeg — a thing she had not done for many a year — and a few crackers. Annie was grateful for the kindness that prompted the little deed, and really enjoyed her frugal meal.

Soon afterwards, her Sunday-school teacher came to see her, bringing her gifts from the Christmas Tree. How it gladdened the child's heart that, in her sickness and pain, she was not forgotten by those in health! A book, with many pictures, three golden oranges, and in place of a horn of sugar-plums (which she could not eat), a bunch of white grapes and a box of guava jelly. Miss Ware had been thoughtful enough to bring from her own home a half-worn sacque of scarlet flannel, a pitcher of nourishing broth, and, for Betsy, a chicken, half a dozen tarts, and a shawl and hood that, though faded, were still warm, and would make the old woman comfortable.

A beautiful rose, too, she placed in Annie's hand; and with tears of grateful joy, the child looked her gifts over, again and again, and told her teacher her dream. Miss Ware read to her, from the Bible she had herself given her, the sweet story of Bethlehem's Babe, and then, turning to St. John's Gospel, the words of comfort and hope that for ages have lighted even the valley of the shadow.

So Annie's Christmas was a happy one. It was the last that came to her on earth; for long before spring flowers bloomed — even while winter's snows were falling — she wore her angel-crown, and sang the new song in heaven.

For The Dayspring.

SANTA CLAUS.

A NICE little man — but he dresses so queer —
Is going about at this time of the year;
His coat is a wolf robe both outside and in,
And stuffed full of playthings up to his chin;
Beside, seven pockets he has on his back,
And, strapped to his shoulders, a very big pack.

His steed is a reindeer so sleek and so fleet,
You can't hear the sound of his swift little feet;
Then up on the house-top and chimney he'll go,
And when he gets there, Santa Claus shouts,
"Whoa! whoa!"

He blankets the reindeer and fastens him tight,
Then down the broad chimney he goes out of sight.

And here the brave fellow finds plenty to do:
There's Hattie, Eliza, and Eddie, and Sue, —
Four little stockings all hung in a row!
He stuffs them with *presents* from top to the toe,
And even the baby he does not forget,
Though her stocking will hold but the least little bit.

Now up the broad chimney goes Santa again,
With thousands to visit he must not remain;
So he gallops and gallops and gallops away,
All through the long night, just as well as the day.
He misses no children, the great or the small,
But leaves a rich blessing and gift to them all.

And thus he will gallop the wide, wide world o'er,
And often unasked he will call at your door.
He visits the wealthy, the humblest cot;
The child of the peasant is never forgot.
The children are happy all through the long year,
For good Santa Claus brings them always good cheer.

But sometimes the chimneys are straight and so tall,
He dare not go down them for fear he shall fall;

So he whisks round just as sly as a fox,
And rings the front-door bell, and leaves there a box.

But when the door opens, at night or by day,
The good little Santa has galloped away.
Now little folks all, I think you'll remember
The twenty-fifth day of the coming December.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER.

HUMOROUS.

ACCORDING to a book, "In the year 1847—48, potatoes formed the sole food of the Irish peasantry." A schoolboy read this passage as follows: "In the year 1847, forty-eight potatoes formed the sole food of the Irish peasantry."

A little girl called at a drug store, and said, "My mother wants ten cents' worth of jumps." This astonished the clerk. The child insisted that it was "jumps" she had been sent for; but returned to her mother for further instruction. Very soon she came back and said it was "hops" that she wanted.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing new red-striped stockings on his only heir, "why have you made barber's poles of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the neat reply.

"Did I not give you a flogging the other day?" said a schoolmaster to a trembling boy. "Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Well, what do the Scriptures say on the subject?" "I don't know, sir," said the other, "except it is in that passage which says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

A little boy on going to the seaside, saw a turtle in the back yard of a hotel, when his astonishment knew no bounds. "Oh, mother! mother!" said the child, "come right away quick! for here's the queerest

thing—a great black frog, with a hat on his back, creeping on his knees.”

“What are you crying for, Bill?” said a mother at the stair-foot, one evening, after her two boys had been put to bed. “Please, mother,” said Bill, “Jim wants half the bed.” “Well,” said she, “let him have it, and you take the other half.” “Yes, mother,” says Bill, “but he will have his half out of the middle, and make me sleep on both sides of him.”

“Misther! misther! what have yer done?” said a native of Wicklow to an Englishman who had just tied his horse to a telegraph-pole on the street.

“Well, Pat, what’s the matter?”

“Jist this, yer honor. Ye’ve hitched your horse to the magnetic telegraph, and ye’ll be in Dublin in two minutes if ye don’t look out.”

A countryman took his wife to a grand concert, and, after listening with apparent enjoyment, the pair became suddenly interested in one of the grand choruses, “All we, like sheep, have gone astray.”

First, a sharp soprano voice exclaimed, “All we, like sheep” —

Next, a deep voice uttered, in the most earnest tone, “All we, like sheep” —

Then all the singers at once asserted, “All we, like sheep” —

“Well, I don’t!” exclaimed the countryman. “I like beef and bacon, but I can’t bear sheep meat!”

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

THERE was once a German shepherd boy whose name was Gerhardt. He was really a noble fellow, although very poor. One day, as he was watching his flock feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods, and asked, —

“How far is it to the nearest village?”

“Six miles, sir,” said the boy; “but the road is only a sheep-track, and is very easily missed.”

The hunter looked at the crooked track, and then said, —

“My lad, I am hungry, tired, and thirsty. I have lost my companions, and missed my way. Leave your sheep, and show me the road. I will pay you well for your trouble.”

“I cannot leave my sheep, sir,” said Gerhardt. “They would stray into the forest, and be eaten by the wolves, or stolen by the robbers.”

“Well, what of that?” replied the hunter. “They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two of them would not be much to your master; and I’ll give you more money than you ever earned in a whole year.”

“I cannot go, sir,” said the shepherd, very firmly. “My master pays me for my time, and trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell you my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be just the same as if I stole them.”

“Well,” said the hunter, “will you trust your sheep with me, while you go to the village and get me some food and a guide? I will take good care of them for you.”

The boy shook his head. “The sheep,” said he, “do not know your voice; and —;” here Gerhardt paused.

“And what? Can’t you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?” asked the hunter.

“Sir,” said the boy, slowly, “you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word to me?”

The hunter laughed; for he felt that he was fairly cornered. “I see, my lad,” said he, “that you are a good, faithful boy. I

will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will do the best I can."

Just then a number of persons came out of the forest. The shepherd found, to his surprise, that the hunter, with whom he had been talking, was the great duke who owned all the country round, and these were his attendants.

The duke was so pleased with the faithfulness of the shepherd boy that he had him educated.

The Children's Paper.

THE DAYSPRING FOR 1875.

No change will be made in the general plan upon which this magazine has been conducted, though efforts will be made to render it still more worthy of favor.

Subscribers receiving their papers by mail will be charged the postage in addition to the subscription price. The new law requires the prepayment of postage at the mailing office. This will cause no additional expense to our subscribers. They simply pay the postage to us, which they otherwise would have paid at the post-office from which they receive their papers.

The circulation of the "Dayspring" should be increased. A little effort in this direction on the part of its friends will be attended with good results. We would urge upon them the importance of making that effort. Let the list of subscribers be extended in every Sunday school, as far as possible. The additional proceeds will enable us better to illustrate, and otherwise improve the "Dayspring."

"Tis heaven to love the brother,
'Tis heaven begun below;
In serving one another,
The angels' life we know."

"Work, when the morning brightens;
Work, in the noon-day sun;
Work, while the harvest whitens;
Work, till the day is done."

Puzzles.

1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first we prize when days are sharp and cold;
My second is an exclamation, we are told;
My third will come when nations war no more;
After my fourth, stop till you've counted four;
My fifth, an answer in the affirmative;
My sixth is hard to say when asked to give;
My seventh, if once you break, you ne'er can mend;
My eighth on fractious beast doth oft descend;
My ninth rolls quickly by, in circling flight;
My tenth a priest, who worshipped in God's sight;
My eleventh, if mean, be sure you always scorn;
My twelfth a finger fair doth oft adorn;
My finals take, then my initials too,
The last is what the first doth wish to you.

F.

2.

WORD SQUARES.

1. A part of the body. Surface. Not distant.
To venture.

2. A stroke. Affection. Egg-shaped. A spring.
M. F. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

29. — Ring. Eagle. Mask. Evening. Map.
Book. East. Robin. Throne. Help. Evil.
Pastor. Oak. Omega. Right. — REMEMBER
THE POOR.

30. — Saint Nicholas.

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